

Hallway Fight by AC_Fan

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, James (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Scott Clarke, Troy (Stranger Things), Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Mike Wheeler had not been having a good week, things weren't happening as he wanted and as fast as he wanted.

And Troy was really an asshole.

Hallway Fight

Author's Note:

Wrote this, lost half of it, wrote it again and here we are! Unrelated, but the songs for this fic are: Never Ever by Lord Huron and Shout at the Devil by Motley Crue.

A good day; Mike Wheeler was wondering what the hell does that even feel like for the last few days. Sure, Will was coming out of the shell he had crawled into after the Mind Flayer took over his body (not that Mike was judging or was in a position to judge - he himself had basically become a ghost for almost a year), but that felt like the silver lining of an inky black cloud. The Chief (Mike doubted that he would ever be on name basis with the man again; first name basis was out of the question) seemed reluctant to allow another visit. Mike suspected that was due to gossip going around the town - Nancy and Jonathon seemed to have actually accomplished something, unlike him, and the government seemed to be in a hurry to get out of Hawkins.

However, that had had an unforeseen impact on his plans: there was barely a week to go for the Snowball - and Mike hadn't been able to draw up the courage required to ask El to come with him (in Mike's defense, Hopper was always within a five foot radius). He kept screaming at himself, it's just El, but that was the crux of the issue: Mike wasn't sure how to ask someone who has saved him personally four times and the world at large at least one time (Mike wasn't sure whether the Demogorgan should be considered a world-threatening monster - not that he was keeping score) to a middle school dance.

But the problem was that precisely - it wasn't just a stupid dance and El wasn't a random girl. The Snowball had been a promise to her - a promise of a normal, happy future. It had been a lie, and they both had known it - the Demogorgan was coming towards them, and so were the government assholes (as much as he liked El, which was a *lot*, he felt 'Bad Men' just didn't do justice to their level of moronicness). But in that moment, they had been alone and safe - and Mike had felt that they were nearing the light at the end of that

godforsaken tunnel, and he had promised something which he had known was close to impossible. But El had latched on to it, drawn strength from that moment, and sacrificed herself to end the Demogorgan once and for all. And Mike had shattered.

Shattered into a million pieces, so broken that even his father seemed to have noticed this. But, Mike had thought, how else do I respond to this? We got Will back, but the cost sometimes felt a bit too much - every significant place in Hawkins seemed touched by El's presence - and it felt like a cruel joke, to long to meet somebody so much he had known for less than a week. But El hadn't been a somebody - while he felt he was in hell for the rest of that week, with her, there was no such thing. She had come with quiet words and powerful nods, and Mike had never wanted to protect somebody so badly, save Will.

And here he was, finally arriving at his locker after almost the entire school was empty, lost in his own thoughts when he heard a commotion to his right. Mike turned to see a sight that made him see red. Troy. Motherfucking Troy and his bonehead lackey, James. Troy had been in the background for the past year, probably scared shitless of the little girl who broke his arm and made him piss his pants. But, it had been a year, and Troy must have been feeling confident enough to corner Will in front of an open locker.

"Hey Byers, how are all the other fairies? All of them still happy and gay, jerking each other off?", he asked while shoving Will into the locker repeatedly. Moments later, he was jerked around by a hand on his shoulder and promptly sucker punched into the locker behind him. And Mike Wheeler realised that it hurt a lot more to punch a face than a punching bag. He heard Dustin's "Motherfucker" and saw that he and Lucas were trying to hold James back - but even he could see that it was a lost battle; in a few more seconds James was gonna break free.

Right, you've made your bed Wheeler. Time to sleep in it. Mike knew he was gonna have to be tactical to win this fight. Troy was big, he was strong, sure; but he was also reckless and clumsy. Mike easily blocked his first punch, but wasn't so lucky the next time. Through dazed eyes, he saw Troy close in again. Ducking under the wide punch he threw, Mike punched his ribs and kicked at his knee from

behind. Troy got down on one knee and Mike saw an opportunity, an opportunity he grabbed. Literally.

Grabbing Troy's hair as tightly as he could, he swung his arm, and consequently Troy's face, into the nearby locker. He heard a satisfying 'thunk' and knew Troy was out for the count, or close to it. However, his joy was shortlived as he felt himself be hoisted up into the air - James must have finally gotten free. He had grabbed Mike by the arms, and was running full steam at the lockers - consequently, his hold was quite weak. Mike, desperate to not get his face bashed in, threw caution to the winds and kicked at the lockers, practically running up and backflipping of them. James stopped himself just in time and turned around just as Mike threw a punch straight at his face. James, to his credit, barely flinched and pulled Mike to the floor. The two traded punches as best as they could, tho both were quite fatigued already.

Mike gained the upper hand after a while, and was able to throw two consecutive punches at James when suddenly Mr. Clarke appeared at the end of the corridor. Before he could notice them, the six were grabbing their bags and running out of the exit - James hauling Troy out to the grounds, and the four running out to their bikes.

They had started racing to the Byers residence without realising; eventually, they slowed down as the adrenaline rush vanished and Mike's and Will's injuries started hurting. Mrs. Byers opened the door when they rang the doorbell, Max (who had gone ahead without them) in tow, and started saying, "Took you four long en-" when she noticed their appearances - while Dustin and Lucas merely looked disheveled, Will looked quite a bit worse for wear, and Mike looked like a hooligan who had just been in a fight - torn shirt, bloody face and bruised knuckles.

"What the hell happened, Mike?", Mrs. Byers asked almost hysterically. Dustin seemed ready to act out the entire scene, so Lucas put a hand over his mouth and gave her the bullet points. When Dustin finally calmed down, all of them gave her the detailed report - how Troy was bullying Will, how Mike punched Troy and the fighting that began then. While they were telling her the entire story, Joyce was working on her son and his best friend. After a cursory glance at Dustin and Lucas to make sure they didn't have any injuries,

she started first aid on Mike and then Will.

When she was reasonably sure that Karen Wheeler wouldn't freak out immediately (she had cleaned his injuries, given him Will's clothes and made him look as normal as possible), she quickly engulfed him in a hug, saying a quiet "Thank you" to him. Mike awkwardly patted her back and said "Anytime" while swearing to himself that he needed to be able to protect everyone in the Party. Perhaps a visit to Nance and Dr. Owens was in order.